

Satsifaction

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After a long day of provocation from Kyouko, Homura finally receives her satisfaction.

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All day, Kyouko had been teasing her, little things though they were, but Homura picked up on each and every one of them.

The small wink as she performed a finishing move on a witch, the way she flexed as it fell; defeated, the way she made eye contact with Homura; captured her attention, ensnaring her eyes and slowly moving her spear to her lips, and slowly dragging her tongue across its edge.

Homura's stomach dropped, and her face paled. Oh, Kyouko was good indeed.

But now, hours later, Homura was home alone.

Each minute for the past half hour had been a countdown, a frantic checking of a watch as each second ticked by noisily.

At 5pm, Kyouko would be home.

4:53.

4:54.

4:55.

Homura, by this point, was contemplating taking certain... actions, to satiate the beast that craved Kyouko with every fibre of it's being, yet her hands clung fiercely to the countertop; ignoring the siren-calls from within her skull to dip her fingers beneath her skirt.

4:57.

Kyouko was always on time, each and every day, to the minute.

She would arrive home, have a snack, change her clothes, and then spend time with Homura, as always. That was what she had planned, however, that schedule was... flexible, Homura reasoned.

Agonising seconds crawled onwards.

It was still 4:57.

4:57 was fifteen minutes ago, months ago, eons ago.

In the fog of her desire time had warped beyond even what she, one who had experienced time travel, could comprehend; no timeline had ever flowed quite like this before.

Homura rubbed her thighs together nervously; it did little to assist with her current state.

She heard footsteps.

4:59

Her feet were a blur, her thoughts were a blur, everything was a blur as the door opened and Kyouko was hit full force with a fiery kiss that Homura unleashed, hands slithering behind silky red hair, a tongue sliding deliciously along a bottom lip.

Kyouko's knees felt weak. Homura pressed herself further in, closer to Kyouko to feel her heartbeat, feel her soul-gem's gentle thrum of excitement, feel the heat of her body and remember the only heat it produced hotter than this.

The door was closing; Kyouko had made it past the threshold, the kiss still unbroken.

Homura's hands tore into Kyouko's clothing with fervour, fumbling with buttons as Kyouko goaded at her clothing to tear itself off, tugging at her pants fruitlessly.

Homura obliged, undoing the top button and zip to slip from the kiss and lower Kyouko's shorts.

Without question, Kyouko had clearly come to accept this situation.

Homura's hands returned to muscled shoulders to remove her top, leaving Kyouko in little more than her jet black lingerie.

Homura devoured the sight, craving every curve, every swathe of smooth skin, delicate features and delicious muscle; licking her lips in anticipation and taking Kyouko by surprise as she hefted her up behind her firm buttocks, carrying her to the kitchen counter and placing her down.

'Here?' Kyouko's expression seemed to ask, and Homura smiled widely.

"A kitchen counter is for preparing food, Kyouko, and that is the purpose to continues to serve now"

Kyouko's mouth opened, then closed, as her cheeks approached the same tinge as her hair.

Taking hold of Kyouko's hips, Homura began her journey on the inside of Kyouko's knees, trailing her tongue up to leave a path of saliva and goose-bumped skin, feeling the firm muscle tense excitedly, the heartbeat throbbing through her veins as she neared the apex of the red-head's legs.

But Homura had yet more to bring, suddenly removing her tongue to move to Kyouko's neck.

She exhaled heavily, watching Kyouko writhe and gasp from the tingling of hot air alone. Lowering her mouth she captured the base of Kyouko's neck in her mouth.

She sucked, grazed her teeth lightly, and felt Kyouko's whole body jar and shake.

Satisfied with the reaction, Homura continued progress downwards, trailing teeth and tongue along collarbone and rib before arriving at the cup of a bra moving rapidly up and down with Kyouko's breathing.

Homura's hands, previously idle, slid beneath Kyouko's arms to lightly hold each breast from the side.

Kyouko bit down on her lip, eyes widened at Homura.

Sliding her hands back around to quickly unclasp said bra, Homura felt Kyouko shrug quickly, attempting to speed this up

Oh, but Homura loved to watch the slow and torturous regression Kyouko had as all control was lost and nothing but hazy, wild, violent arousal controlled every breath she took. Then, and only then, would she push Kyouko over and allow her to revel in the backwash of her ecstasy.

For now, though, Homura slowly slid the straps off, catching the lacy item and gently placing it on the ground, feeling Kyouko's legs wrap around her urgently; another futile attempt to hasten Homura's progression.

She began with a light kiss, placed just above the newly uncovered skin. Homura held it, though, sliding her tongue from between her teeth to lap gently at the skin as she moved her lips downward.

Kyouko's hands snapped to the back of Homura's head the second her lips grazed the sensitive bundle of nerves in the midst of her breast.

Homura smirked.

Such large reactions were common for Kyouko, and each one egged Homura on, spurring her to nip harder, kiss longer, touch faster and more and more until Kyouko was brought to her limit.

She bit down and Kyouko cried out, her high-pitched voice ringing against the kitchen's tiles.

Homura moved from left to right, biting once more. This time, Kyouko restrained her vocalisations, biting her lip, opting to shove Homura's head harder into her chest.

Homura unleashed her tongue in response, sliding it again and again over the sensitive nipple, each time making Kyouko jolt and shiver until her breath came in only ragged gasps.

Deciding her work here was finished, Homura lowered herself further, to be faced with her final destination.

Sliding her thumbs to the waistband, Homura traced small circles on the now-perspiring skin.

Inhaling the familiar scent, she looped a finger under each side of the material, marvelling at the slight resistance it faced as she lowered it, and feeling herself swallow audibly at the small trail of moisture that followed it down.

It would seem Kyouko was very much enjoying her ministrations.

Homura licked her lips as the panties were finally freed of Kyouko's absurdly long, muscular, smooth legs.

Homura trailed her arms up them, revelling in the softness of skin. They finished their journey at Kyouko's now-bare backside, gripping lightly and kneading the flesh.

Kyouko groaned abysmally, still struggling to retake control of her breathing.

Homura let a small, conniving smile grace her cheeks once more as she dove in to devour her girlfriend.

The second she made contact, light as it was, nothing more than a kiss; Kyouko's entire body lurched, and she felt hands gripping at her

skull, Kyouko driving herself harder into Homura.

Homura finally progressed from a light kisses to probing around Kyouko's dripping-wet entrance with her tongue.

The familiar taste, oh so sweet, graced at her lips as she took long, slow strokes with her tongue, dragging it as far up as it could travel, looking Kyouko in the eyes, all the way up her livid, writhing, sweating body to see her hair plastered to her face with sweat, and watch the rapid gasps of breath from and persistent redness on every inch of her skin.

Homura felt her own wetness drip down her inner thigh, but now was not the time for self-indulgence.

Biting at the skin before her, Kyouko squeaked.

She ***squeaked***.

The usually aggressive girl had been reduced to her most primal state; and Homura adored every moment of it.

Building the pace, Homura nipped, licked, kissed, continuing until she could feel Kyouko's skin throb with need beneath her mouth.

Only then did she flit her eyes to Kyouko's face once more, before plunging inwards with her tongue.

If Kyouko's reactions were strong before, this one was earth-shattering.

The scream of euphoria that ricocheted from Kyouko's tongue to her teeth, out her mouth, to the steaming air sent a shiver of pure ecstasy down the spine of the dark-haired girl.

Homura rotated her tongue, twisting it, writhing it, feeling Kyouko's interior spasm wildly around her.

She was getting closer, Homura could tell; closer to that mounting Tsunami of pleasure, to the release that she so desperately craved.

Homura drove her tongue deeper, gripping at Kyouko's buttocks for yet more leverage and Kyouko threw her head back, pushing harder still into Homura; grinding against her with every ounce of her body weight, losing control of her movements.

As her final move, Homura slid a hand over Kyouko's thigh to assist in her actions to Kyouko's burning core, drawing slow circles, trailing a nail along her thigh, all while Kyouko rode herself deeper and deeper into the roiling pleasure in the pit of her stomach.

Finally, Homura dragged a nail across Kyouko's greatest weakness, the nerve point that sent her over the edge, which made her legs kick fruitlessly at the air in reaction, which made her entire body jump, and probably paused her heart for a brief moment, and it was too much.

Kyouko tensed, her whole body tensed, every muscle tightening in the searing bliss, drowning in the sensations Homura was bestowing upon her languid body, revelling, absorbing, feeling the utmost ecstasy as her body fell, like a weight, like a trap-door, into empty space.

A thousand years of empty space as each and every nerve fired simultaneously to bring her being to the highest of heights, amidst gods and clouds, pleasure rolling across her tongue as she let fly a moan, a call, a cry of pure sensation.

"Homura"

And then it was over, she was brought down, floating gently, from the orgasmic high, riding out the aftershocks against Homura's tongue.

Finally, she had returned to earth, her breathing began to stabilise, and with a final, noisy, slurp, Homura had removed herself from between Kyouko's legs.

Kyouko grabbed at her head urgently, bringing her up for a long, tender kiss, and she feltg the thrum of Kyouko's heart through her still-bare chest.

Pulling away as she ran out of breath, Homura watched the thin, glistening trail of saliva between Kyouko's mouth and her own.

She exhaled, leaning against the bench for support; shutting her eyes momentarily before feeling a hot hand at her stomach.

She kept her eyes closed even as she heard the rustle of hair as Kyouko leaned in, the small chuckle, and the licking of tender, soft, lips, and the husky, whispered words;

"Your turn."